Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,
That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red roſe bluſh at her owne diſgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.
Vnder that colour am I come to ſcale
Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For thoſe thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I foreſtall thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath enſnar'd thee to this night,
VVhere thou with patience muſt my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
VVhich I to conquer ſought with all my might.
But as reproofe and reaſon beat it dead,
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I ſee what croſſes my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing roſe defends,
I thinke the honie garded with a ſting,
All this before-hand counſell comprehends.
But VVill is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,
And dotes on what he looks, gainſt law or duety.

I haue debated euen in my ſoule,
VVhat wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow
But nothing can affections courſe cont
Or ſtop the headlong furie of his ſpeed,
I know repentant teares inſewe the dee
Reproch, diſdaine, and deadly enm
Yet ſtriue I to embrace mine infamy

This ſaid, hee ſhakes aloft his Romaine
VVhich like a Faulcon towring in the sk
Cowcheth the fowle below with his win
VVhoſe crooked beake threats, if he m
So vnder his inſulting Fauchion lies
Harmleſſe LVCRETIA marking w
VVith trembling feare: as fowl hear

LVCRECE, quoth he, this night I muſt e
If thou deny, then force muſt worke my
For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroie thee
That done, ſome worthleſſe ſlaue of thi
To kill thine Honour with thy liues deca
And in thy dead armes do I meanc t
Swearing I ſlue him ſeeing thee imbra